

**ARTHUR**

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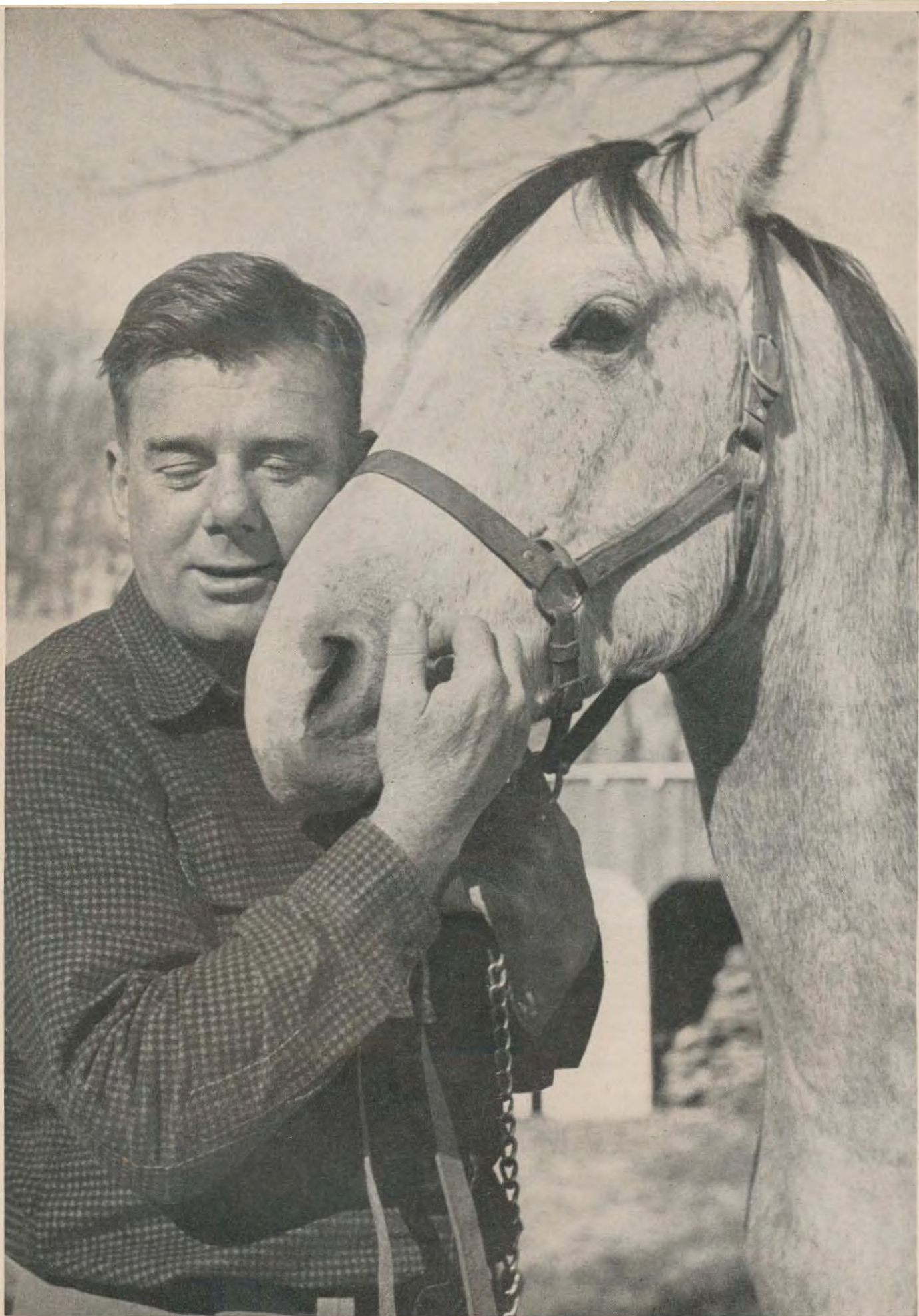
# **GODFREY**

*and his gang*



25c

**NEW! Arthur's Complete Life  
plus: Stories & Pix on Julius,  
Lu Ann, Frank, Marion & Others**



# ARTHUR GODFREY

## and his gang

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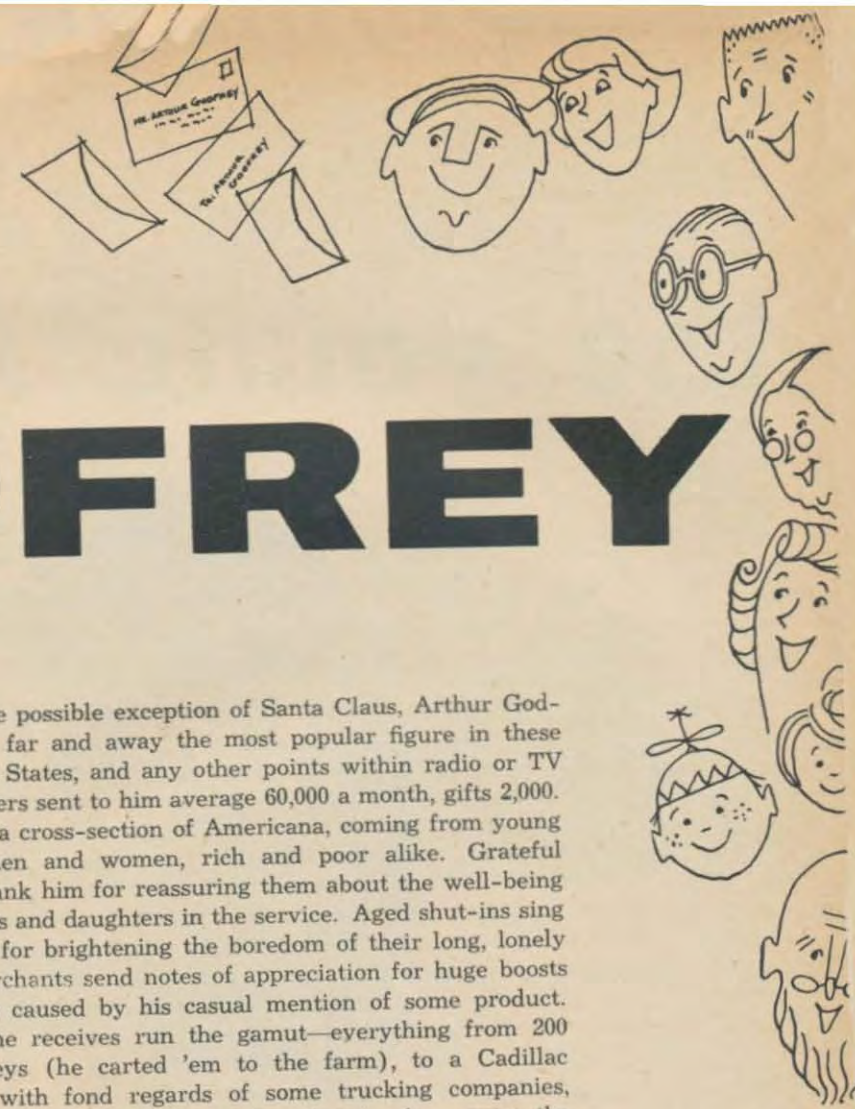


# everybody loves GODFREY

Because he's as friendly and real  
as he's famous and rich. And because  
in twenty-three years on the way  
up, he has never let anybody down



WITH the possible exception of Santa Claus, Arthur Godfrey is far and away the most popular figure in these United States, and any other points within radio or TV range. Letters sent to him average 60,000 a month, gifts 2,000. His mail is a cross-section of Americana, coming from young and old, men and women, rich and poor alike. Grateful mothers thank him for reassuring them about the well-being of their sons and daughters in the service. Aged shut-ins sing his praises for brightening the boredom of their long, lonely hours. Merchants send notes of appreciation for huge boosts in business caused by his casual mention of some product. The gifts he receives run the gamut—everything from 200 baby turkeys (he carted 'em to the farm), to a Cadillac presented with fond regards of some trucking companies, thankful for a Godfrey observation that truckers were the most courteous people on the highways. Once, he was sent a live rattlesnake! Livestock that he can't keep on the farm is taken care of by the Bronx Zoo. Other surplus gifts go to charities, and the excess of perishable food is sent immediately to New York's Henry Street Settlement. More significant than this expression of wholesale admiration is the large percentage of letters that ask his advice. These come from people who want help on every conceivable subject. Girls ask him to recommend hotels for their vacations, young men want to know which branch of the service they should join, men discuss farm problems, women want to know where to buy curtains! Once, an Army officer in Korea sent Godfrey \$25 to buy a gift for his wife. (Arthur did, and added a nice present of his own.) More clearly than anything else, this reveals the secret of Godfrey's appeal: The people believe in him. That sort of confidence isn't easily come by. It's been built by proving, every day in every way, for the past twenty-three years that he's worthy of it. There's something else, too: Everybody loves Godfrey because he's an ideal, a living realization of everything so many would like to be, yet he's friendly and down-to-earth as a next-door neighbor.



# the young ARTHUR



***His childhood was a happy one, but Arthur got most of his education in the tough school of hard knocks***

IT ALL began on August 31, 1903, in a comfortable, but unpretentious house on Manhattan's teeming 112th Street. Before the bouncing baby boy with the shock of surprisingly red hair who put in an appearance that day could say "Arthur Godfrey" he made it clear that he was out to do a heap o' livin'. Transferred at the age of two to a pleasant white frame house in the more placid environment of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, little Arthur proceeded to liven up the surroundings considerably. His earliest recollection is of getting himself lost in the tall meadow grass (twenty feet from the family front porch) and being rescued by his mother. But this didn't dampen his adventurous spirit one bit. A little later, he was exploring the neighborhood swamp-land of Teterboro, a fabulous wonderland where there were fish and crabs to be caught, home-made boats to be sailed, and best of all, muskrats to be trapped. The latter occupation, necessitating early morning expeditions to inspect his traps, occasionally conflicted with the starting hour at Franklin School, but that wide grin always won over the opposition. His old principal remembers him as "the Dan'l Boone of Teterboro," and other teachers remember him with real affection. Arthur was a bright, albeit restless, student. He shone in mathematics, but when it came to English composition, he just hadn't the patience, despite a natural flair inherited from his father. Why write, he reasoned logically, when you can say the same thing, and save the time? (He's been talking ever since—and proved his point!) Then came a sudden reversal of the family fortunes, and at the tender age of ten, Arthur grew up overnight. With many mouths to feed—in addition to Arthur there were Kathryn, Charles, Robert and Gene—money became a pressing problem. Vacation jobs as delivery boy for Ehler's grocery store, a newspaper route, driving Shaeffer's bakery wagon weren't enough, decided Arthur. So, at fourteen, he did the only thing he could think of to keep from being a real family burden: The young Arthur ran away.



On visit to a Vermont farm, two-year-old Arthur gave with familiar grin for photog. Son of Kathryn and Arthur Hanbury Godfrey, his mother was a pianist and painter, his father, a writer, an authority on horses.

Five-year-old made his debut before the public singing a song at a kindergarten soiree, but that's as far as it went—for a while! Below, Navy man even then! With his brothers, Charles, one (center), Robert three.



# the young ARTHUR

Continued



Though he passed entrance examinations for Annapolis, young Arthur thought he'd see more action by volunteering for service during Greco-Turkish war, had pic taken for mom before leaving.

"I was never the admiral type, anyway," says the redhead. He's never regretted time spent seeing the world. Above, at the Parthenon in Athens. Banjo was as much a part of his getup as the uniform!

**H**OPEFULLY, Arthur set out for the big city. For his first job, as office boy, he was to receive the grand sum of \$10 the following Saturday. The great day came, and on Sunday Arthur went sight-seeing, starting with the Statue of Liberty. He was tickled when a strange girl struck up a conversation. Presently, she left to visit the powder room. Arthur waited. And waited. Boats came and went and at last hunger overcame him. He ordered some food, to find he'd not only lost his girl, but his money! "I was the only person ever rolled in the Statue of Liberty," says Arthur. Forcibly launched on a dishwashing career to pay for his food, he left the office job. A year of odd jobs followed, then luck was with him when he landed a civilian job at an Army base, at \$105 a month! Then, he went along home with a soldier from Clymer, Pa., to have a go at coal mining. From this, he was subsequently lured by tales of lumberjacking, but lacking proper nourishment, was pretty puny. "I couldn't even lift the ax," says

Arthur. "It was an awful mistake." After a quick switch to farming, he got a job in a rubber plant, which was ended by a railroad strike. Back at his old position of dishwasher, he added to his income by working in a dice game. He'd progressed to "stickman" when a good friend and a Catholic priest took him aside. "T'would be better, they counseled, if Arthur joined the Navy. He's been grateful for that advice ever since. Joining up, he volunteered for service in the Mediterranean during the Greco-Turkish War. He didn't get the action he wanted, but emerged from the Navy, a fine radio operator. Came a job writing publicity for a perfume company, a session on a Detroit assembly line, a stint of selling cemetery lots, a stretch with a vaudeville act, a short-lived career as a cabbie—and Arthur was broke. Sensibly, he decided to go back to the only real security he'd ever known: Uncle Sam. He enlisted in the Coast Guard. It was the luckiest thing he ever did. Because, in a way, it was responsible for Arthur's whole future career!

Switching to Coast Guard, in '27  
he was still strummin', didn't know  
it would lead him to the big break!





# ARTHUR'S START

*Shoved reluctantly into radio by fellow members of the Coast Guard, he remained, with spectacular results!*

IN THE Coast Guard, Arthur did just fine. He taught radio classes, and came out on top in his course in higher mathematics. In 1929, he was shipped to Baltimore to design radio equipment. There, on a balmy Saturday night, Arthur and assorted bluejackets were appropriately gathered in a local bistro, when the weird sounds of a local amateur hour were wafted over the air waves. "You're as good as those monkeys," pronounced a pal, pointing at Arthur. Whereupon his companions, en masse, propelled him to the radio station. Not one to let the Coast Guard down, Arthur gave his all—and was invited to return the following week! It's safe to say that none of the fabulous contracts that have come his way have given him the same kick as that next occasion, when, wonder of wonders, he was offered a sponsor! Thus, under the auspices of the Triangle Pet Shop at \$5 a program, "Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist" made his debut. After pinch-hitting for an absent announcer one day, the manager, a candid man, declared, "You can talk 50 times better than you can sing." Arthur became an announcer. In the approved manner of those gentlemen in that era, he affected a sort of English accent and a broad A. Says Arthur today, "It must have been murder." He was prospering, however, as an NBC staff man when his career came to a sudden end. On a black day in 1931, a truck lost a wheel and crashed into his car. Laid up with thirty-two fractures that were to leave him with a limp and plague him with ever-present pain, the plucky redhead refused to mope. He listened to the radio—and learned. What he heard, he didn't like. That phony "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen" got him. Why couldn't announcers talk like people? When at last he hobbled back to the mike, he began with a quiet "Good evening." The manager thought he hadn't completely recovered. Undaunted, Arthur stuck to his new style. But the harder he tried to advance it, the further he was forced to retreat, until he found himself 'way down on an early morning hour where nobody (the management hoped) would notice. Experimentally, Godfrey gave with a resounding



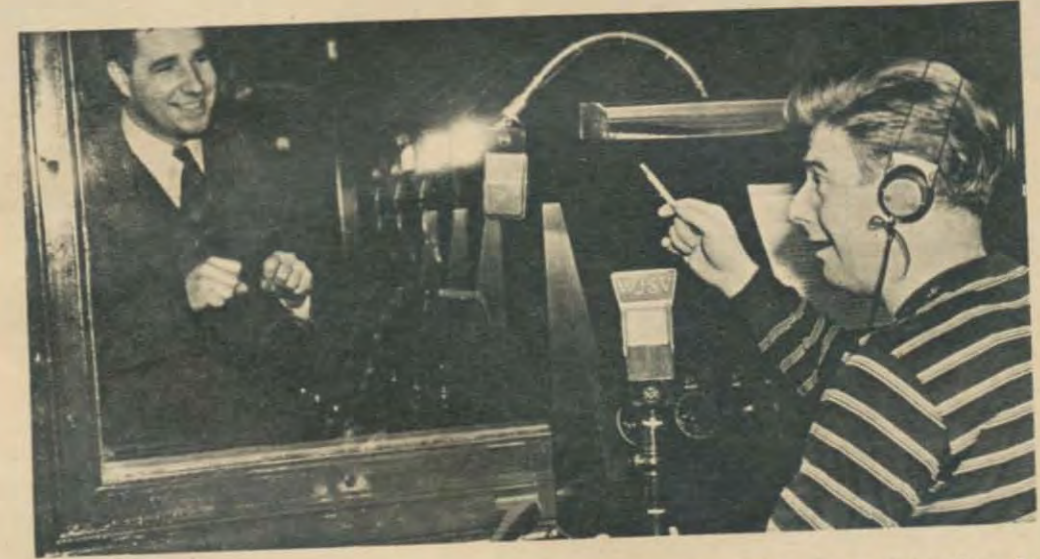
In early radio days, he handled every type of show, including band billed as Red Godfrey's Melodians, with which he put in appearance at Washington's Club Michel in 1934.

razzberry dedicated to his boss, with the comment that he certainly wouldn't be up to hear it. "But if he is," added Arthur cheerfully, "I won't be here tomorrow morning." He almost hoped to be fired. Instead, a few days later the boss called him aside. He'd heard, he said, reports that Arthur was a very funny guy, and by golly, he'd have to get up some morning and listen! Thereafter, all was serene, and Arthur continued to spin happily along on his 7-to-9 A.M. disc jockey show, until the day when he was handed a commercial to read, and without warning, found himself proclaiming the virtues of "Filmy, clingy, alluring silk under-panties in devastating pink and black." He got through it, then uttered a relieved "Whew! Is my face red!" The station waited for the store to sue. Arthur waited to be fired. Neither happened. There was a stampede of ladies demanding unmentionables, and the day will go down in history as the first time anybody ever kidded a commercial.



Occasionally, Arthur was urged to try a broader comic style (here, with Arch McDonald on WTOP). He wasn't the type, found greater success in just being himself.

Whenever Arthur wondered out loud, as all disc jockeys are tempted to do, whether anyone was listening, he got an answer fast—a switchboard jammed with calls!



Impact of the Godfrey personality sent him soaring as CBS attraction. Below, James Farley drops in for a chat on morning show. Margaret "Mugs" Richardson, his secretary for many years, stands by.





Always one to delight his audiences with the unexpected, Arthur not only surprised the folks one morning by introducing famed cowboy Gene Autry—he had 'em meet Gene's horse, Champion, too!



Getting away from the studio for a quick spin in his outboard motor boat off Larchmont, New York, was Godfrey's idea of a rest in 1945. He hasn't changed, still prefers active sports to sittin'.

THE smarter sponsors were quick to realize that Godfrey's goodnatured ribbing was worth more than all the adjectives in Mr. Webster's book. Once, when Arthur had been urging folks, on behalf of a furrier, to "Stop at the sign of the white bear," he decided to try it himself. The bear, he ruefully reported, was not white. It was dirty. In fact, filthy. So many people came to see for themselves that it was the furrier who cleaned up. As offers poured in, Arthur adopted the simple system of acceptance he uses to this day. He tried every product himself, until convinced it was completely satisfactory. If it wasn't, out it went. He has been known to chomp on a brand of gum for thirteen weeks before giving it his blessing. Gleefully as he will dissect a commercial, the product is to him no laughing matter. But in spite of his fine attitude, there were those who felt Godfrey was going too far. Eventually there came a showdown with his NBC bosses, at the height of which Arthur walked out. After cooling off on a park bench, he returned in the morning to apologize, to be icily informed that his services were no longer required. Switching to CBS on a day that network regards as akin to the time when Sutter

struck gold, Arthur was immediately faced with a crisis. NBC, he learned, was bringing in a big name to compete on his time. Godfrey's solution was to "git there firstest with the mostest." Armed with nothing but a stack of records, he launched his attack at midnight, continued through till morning. Among the pleased people on the listening end was one Walter Winchell. The following day, January 26, 1934, was "the luckiest day of my life," says Arthur: a big, fat plug appeared in Winchell's column. In no time, he was on a coast-to-coast network, but still kept up his local shows, which by this time had 50-odd sponsors. It was hectic. He darted from Washington, to New York, to his home in Virginia at a dizzying pace. When he added a theatrical venture in a show, *Three to Make Ready*, to the program, even the well-nigh indestructible Godfrey constitution couldn't take it. Along with the show (a doubtful concoction), he collapsed. Again utilizing the idle hours in the hospital to mull things over, he made another decision: to confine his energies to radio for good. He came back to start *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* in 1946, in addition to his other shows. So began the reign of King Arthur, ruler of radio for many years to come.



# RADIO

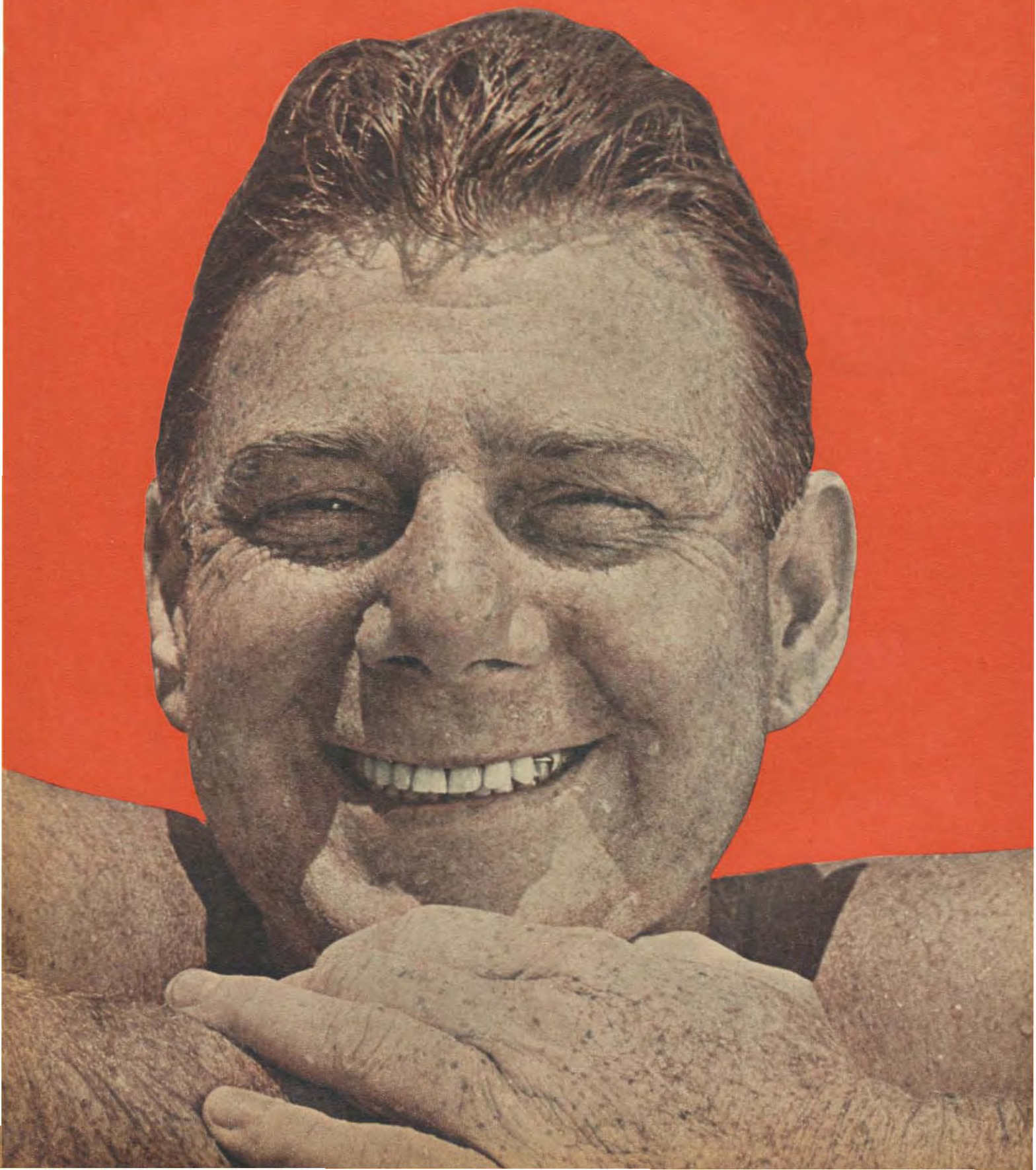
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Even an appendix operation didn't stop him! As nurse checked pulse, Arthur, aided by faithful "Mug" Richardson, got on with his broadcasting.

Special studio set up on his Virginia farm was solution to give him another hour of much-needed shut-eye while he was still doing early shows.



# GODFREY TODAY



***In typical Arthur Godfrey fashion, he turned what might have been the end of a great career into another beginning!***

**R**ADIO gave Arthur Godfrey fame, fortune, and forty million adoring fans. Television gave him even more, brought him to the staggering status of a one-man industry. Earning roughly \$7,000,000 for his network, of this his share is a cool \$1,000,000. Taxes siphon off all but about \$140,000 of this, still it's a mighty healthy sum. But television also took something away from Arthur Godfrey. Something he treasured. Something irreplaceable. As a radio star, he could meet the people. He could walk on the streets, chat with strangers, drop in at the Automat for a cup of coffee. He can't do that anymore. As a TV star he's recognized, and remote. Yet, there are compensations for the loneliness of fame. Especially the Godfrey Gang, that close-knit crew whose boundless affection and loyalty to The Boss are returned with all the warmth and sincerity synonymous with the name Godfrey. They've always been ready to do their darndest for him, from the clerks who sort and open the thousands of letters and loads of gifts he receives each week, to the stars of the show, and his old friends and standbys, announcer Tony Marvin and conductor Archie Bleyer. Because all of them know that The Boss does much more. Besides the Monday-through-Friday broadcasts and Monday and Wednesday telecasts, there have been endless appointments that run into the wee hours, confabs with advertisers, production plans to be made, mail to be answered. And rehearsals, when Godfrey would take over the directing reins, putting in the final touches, taking out the rough spots, with a swift, sure showmanship that is amazing in a man with no theatrical experience. Then, after everyone else had gone home, he'd stay to put a little extra polish on his dance numbers, or go to the rink to brush up his ice skating. Godfrey's explanation for all this effort is simple: He feels he owes it to the people. Once, he transported his entire entourage of 43 to Florida, just to put on a special show. (And incidentally, gave everybody a grand vacation, which he paid for out of his own pocket.) If he needed a final assurance that he has succeeded in pleasing all the people in the audience out there, he has it now. He got it from the day they learned that he was to enter Massachusetts General Hospital for the delicate operation, after which he might be able to walk without endless pain—or never walk again.



# GODFREY TODAY

*Continued*



A perfectionist, Arthur (here havin a whirl with Terry Roxanne) wasn't content to hire outside professionals when he wanted to put on ice shows. He and all the Little Godfreys had to learn to ice skate—and skillfully!

**M**AIL at the rate of 10,000 to 15,000 pieces a day poured into the hospital. Phone calls numbered a daily hundred, at least. There were enough gifts to fill a good-sized warehouse: homemade crutches, goodluck pieces, scrapbooks pasted by loving hands. The operation was the last performed by Dr. Smith-Peter-son. Arthur came through with flying colors, and there's no question that this remarkable expression of esteem helped, too. And you can bet that while Arthur Godfrey lay for long hours in that hospital bed, in a maze of straps and weights and pulleys, that he did a lot of thinking about it, and came to some sound conclusions about the future of Arthur Godfrey. It's been standard practice for Arthur to start plannin' when he's down. It happened twice before, remember? Just what those conclusions are, it's too early to tell. At present, Arthur is happily occupied with trying to show all the doctors that their estimates of the time when he's completely recovered are 'way too long—and odds are 100 to 1 that he'll



Crazy getups and puckish pranks are weapons that Arthur uses with devastating effect in his never-ending war with greatest—and only—enemy, the stuffed shirt.



do it. But maybe a few clues can be found. Arthur's not given much to philosophizing, but his philosophy is pretty evident, just the same. He can't help but realize that he has a tremendous power—the power of persuasion. And he has used that power to sell the causes he believes in just as effectively as he sells soup or cigarettes. He has fought bigotry and race hatred, advanced charities, helped national defense. Living, to Arthur, simply means using your talents to do as much good as you can. Now, at a point where most men would be content to rest on their laurels, Arthur's rarin' to go again. It's rumored that he's been quietly mulling over a lot of brand new ideas he got while critically watching TV in the hospital, that are going to make his shows better than ever. That important government job that's been hinted at so often may be in the picture, too. Whatever he tackles in the future, one thing is certain: Arthur Godfrey will give it the only thing he is—or has ever been—capable of: His very best.

THE PAY-OFF

# ARTHUR'S

*It's the gleeful Godfrey destruction  
of overstuffed egos that gives  
all ordinary mortals the last laugh*



1953 is Arthur's 20th year as a CBS headliner.

# GIFT FOR GAGS

STRICTLY speaking, Arthur Godfrey isn't a comedian. He couldn't be. Explained the remarkable redhead when once discussing the vagaries of video, "Television is a terrific medium. It has impact. While I'm still learning things about it, I've found that it is no different from radio, the stage or any other medium. People still seem to like a guy who is himself and not a Broadway gag writer's dream. I have to be me because I haven't got the talent to be anybody else. Now, when people congratulate me for being so relaxed and at home in front of the cameras, it hands me a laugh. I'm only being myself, and confidentially, I'm too dog-gone tired from all that radio work to try to be something else." Like other Godfreyisms, this can be taken for gospel, but that "no talent" bit is the understatement of the year. Now, it's quite true that Godfrey is no Broadway gag writer's dream. He is a Broadway gag writer's nightmare. Somewhere along the line, he once employed several individuals, known as writers and still has them to help supply some of the vast quantity of material that his shows consume. These gentlemen have become the most frustrated souls in CBS, for Arthur invariably takes their carefully prepared material and throws it away. Maybe he extracts a suggestion here and there, but it all comes out Arthur Godfrey. That, as millions of listeners testify, isn't bad. Godfrey possesses that rare and wonderful quality for which comedians would gladly give their gag files: He is a master of the ad lib. Also, top laugh-getters in the game will tell you, he is a master of timing who instinctively uses just the right pause, the right inflection and emphasis to make the most of every word. Not only that, but he can point up his gags perfectly with his wonderfully pliable facial expressions. Best of all, his humor is spontaneous. Like the time when Arthur blithely announced that a certain number would be sung. Flustered per-

fectionist Archie Bleyer reminded him that it hadn't been rehearsed. All right, said Arthur, they'd rehearse right now, on the air. And they did! Then, there was the time when Arthur, rambling through some news items, came upon one extolling the healthful effects of standing on one's head. He called in Tony Marvin. Did Tony want to be more healthy? asked Arthur. Sure, said Tony. Whereupon Arthur directed him to stand on his head and sing *Old Man River!* This sort of thing goes on all the time, and the Little Godfreys have come to expect it—and enjoy it. The spontaneous fun isn't confined to horseplay, however. In the usual sense, it can't be said that Godfrey ever rehearses anything. Of course, there must be painstaking rehearsals of the elaborate TV shows, and Arthur will go to great lengths in his own preparations for numbers that require some special skill, such as skating or dancing. But his joking on the programs is something else. He never sticks to a script. Material for him is a weird collection of clippings, notes, letters from fans (who've supplied him with some of his best ideas for gags). This is all served up on the spur of the moment with the special Godfrey seasoning. Of the system, says Arthur, "Maybe I'm naive and I never quit being a little boy, but I figure that's a help to me on television. Every new show is still a great big adventure to me. Also, I've found that the less formal rehearsing I do, the better the show goes over." The only thing that can disturb the usually imperturbable Arthur is an occasional attack from some bluenose who has read shady meanings into his stuff. This is something every comic has to cope with, as he well knows, but it distresses him nevertheless, when people read meanings into his words that he could never intend. The great charm of his humor is that it's harmless. His only scapegoat is the stuffed shirt, the only target for his fire the phony.



# ARTHUR

and his gang



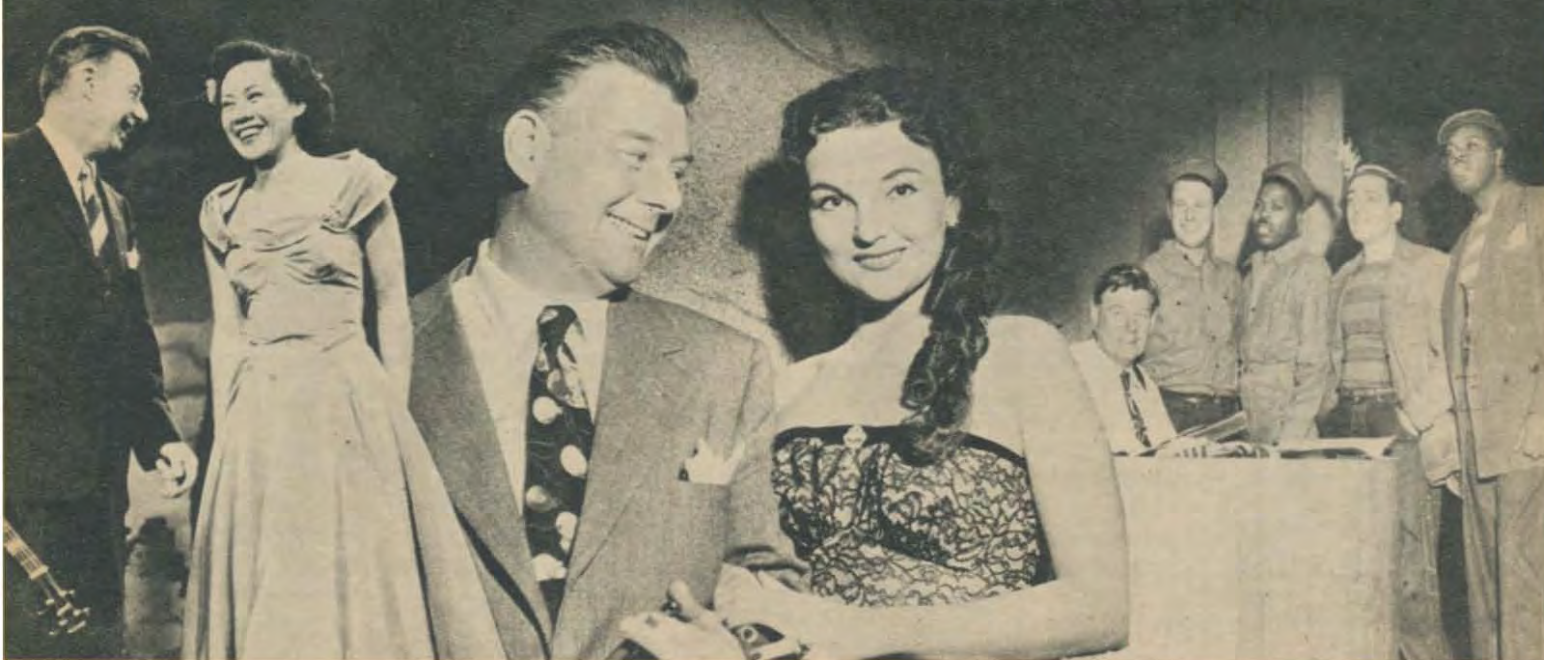
JANETTE DAVIS

ARCHIE BLEYER

HALELOKE

MARION MARLOWE

THE MARINERS



FRANK PARKER

JULIUS LA ROSA

TONY MARVIN

LU ANN SIMMS

McGUIRE SISTERS



*Just one big happy family are Arthur and*

*his fifteen top-talented little Godfreys*



the  
godfrey  
crew ..... **FRANK**

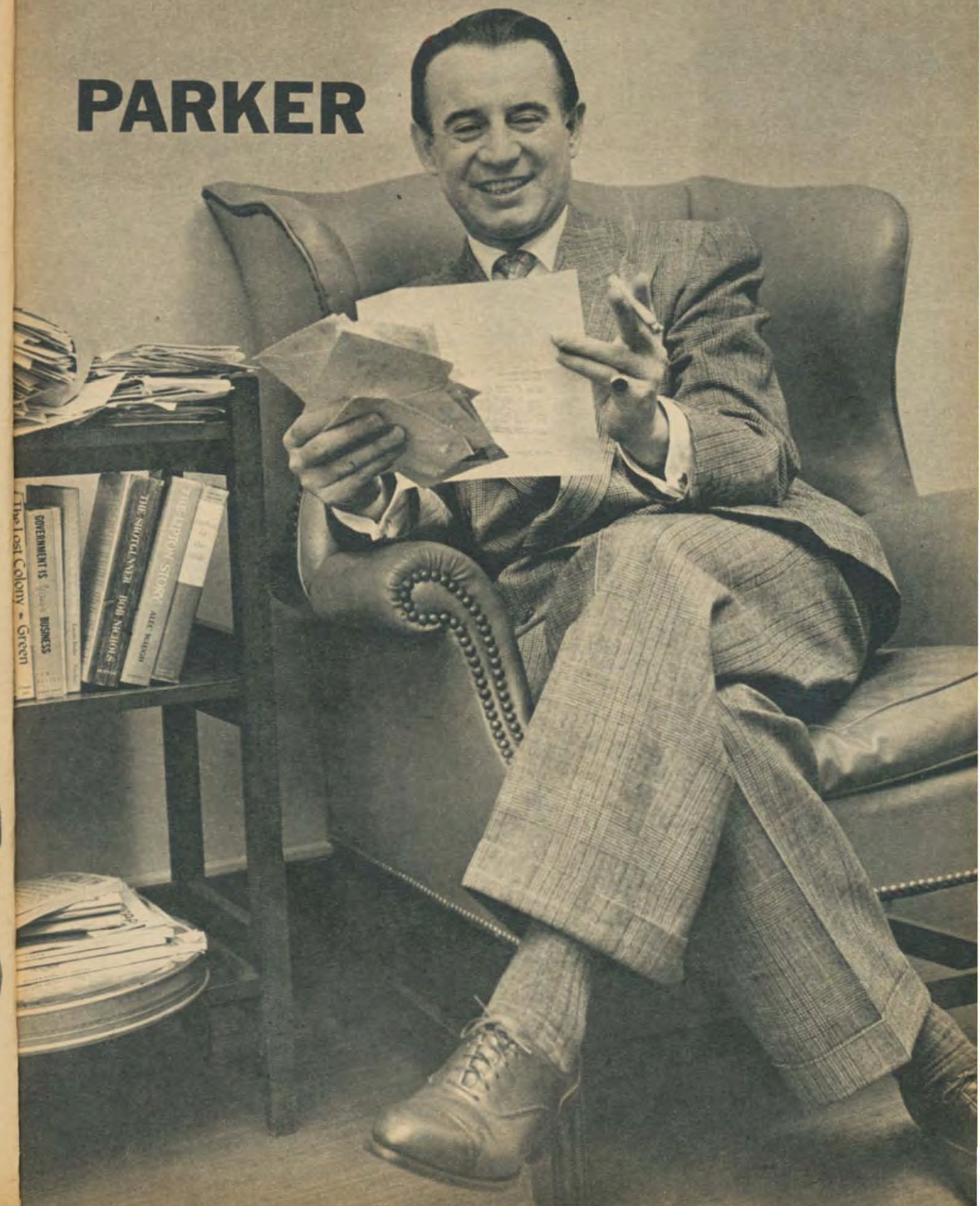
Featured singer on Jack Benny ailer (below, right) joined the funny-man in film called *Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round*. Although he made two films, Frank didn't set industry on fire.



*Hitching with Godfrey was start of fourth career for the Italian tenor. This time he doesn't plan to quit until his pipes do, cuz this business is pleasure!*



# PARKER



**T**HE friendship between Frank and his boss-man dates back eighteen years, when Frank was the big star and Arthur just a small-time disc jockey. It all took place in Washington where Frank was appearing in *La Traviata*. Arthur's praises of the tenor's performance on his early morning show filled the opera theatre to capacity every performance. They met when Frank journeyed to the station to thank him. Later, in New York, Frank introduced his red-headed friend to important people, "which helped me get started," claims Arthur. Frank thinks otherwise. Brought up on Manhattan's lower West side, Frank's early training was the neighborhood church choir. His father had hoped he'd become an engineer. No one in his family had ever sung professionally, although all loved music. At fifteen, Frank lied about his age, joined the 104th Field Artillery; his parents traced him to Fort Bragg and that ended his Army career. He left high school a second time to join a show as a dancer and for six months was a Broadway hoofer, but "I had two left feet," sez he. Subbing for lead in Greenwich Village Follies show won promise of solo spot in next production and sent him off to study. When visiting a sister living in Genoa, Italy, he studied in Milan. But opera was not his forte. Back in the U. S., he returned to vaudeville and musical comedy and after eight years, landed roles in *No, No Nanette* and *Little Nellie Kelly*. Next came featured spots and own radio program, followed by concerts and two films.



the  
godfrey  
crew . . . .

Teaming of Frank with velvet-voiced Marion Marlowe has made them most popular singing duo since Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy had their heyday. Though the press claimed a romance between the two, both vehemently denied it. They're just best of friends who call each other "Sam" and "Max" and have the greatest admiration for each other's talent. Their mutual love is blending voices in song.

**T**HREE times Frank left radio because he thought it was time to give up singing. But three times he was wrong; he couldn't get it out of his system. "Every time I left show business for something else, I used to watch other performers and want to be right up on the stage with them." Away from the excitement of radio work, Frank first tried making a go of a transcription business; it was a dud. Then he bought some race horses, once owned as many as twelve at one time. This, too, proved to be non-profitable. Next he ventured into the night club racket, was part owner of a Hollywood, Florida, club, but not knowing anything about running such a place, he soon began to realize he belonged in the work he understood and loved. So once again, Parker headed back to New York with a song on his lips and hope in his heart. He had even thought he'd try for a job behind the scenes, such as producer or director. However, the Parker name didn't mean anything to busy executives. Frank had retired at his peak and no one cared to have an old voice cluttering up the airwaves or an old face in the new medium of television. No one, that is, except Arthur Godfrey. When Frank finally owned up to the fact that no doors were open to him, he turned to Arthur—now the biggest thing to hit CBS. He didn't expect Arthur to give him a job—maybe just a phone call to someone who'd give

him a chance. It wasn't because Godfrey felt he owed Frank anything for past favors, but because he knew that here was talent, that Frank started work the following Wednesday on the Godfrey evening show. This was back in 1950. Since then, Frank's performances have proved that he's still got the natural singing voice that God blessed him with, and that he's not too old to have fans. His mail-box bulges with letters from sighing females. Frank, now fifty years old, is a slim five-feet eight inches tall, has dark brown hair and grey-brown eyes, is always nattily attired. Many people think of him as an Irish tenor; few guess he is of Italian descent. He lives in a typical bachelor's apartment in a garden court in the heart of midtown Manhattan. It's attractively furnished to suit his tastes. His place is small, but since there's only one of him, why be lavish? To hear Frank warble a love song you'd think that here was a guy who's really smitten with a beautiful member of the opposite sex. Actually, at the end of a long day, Mr. Parker retires to the place he calls home and curls up with the newspaper. Happy and content back in the singing game, Frank no longer gets the urge to quit. His ambition? Only to look forward to his next show with Godfrey and the Gang 'cause it's fun, gives a guy a chance to really live it up! What singer would ask for anything more?

# FRANK PARKER

*Continued*

Frank believes he is in better voice now than ever; says that age and experience and the living of life have given him a better understanding. "The singing of my early days is now paying off with greater returns than when I was looking for a career." Today, Frank has another advantage, too; not only is he acquiring new fans from the younger set, but older generation remembers him, is glad he's back.





*Ever since she was a tiny tot, Janette Davis has had a song on her lips. Now that years of struggle and heartache are behind her, there's a song in her heart, too*

**S**AYS the brown-eyed, auburn-haired songbird who's brightened the Godfrey shows since 'way back in 1946, "I always have the attitude that whatever happens, happens for the best." Now being in the four-figure-a-week bracket, she may well think so, but we'll wager that Janette's success is due more directly to another point in the Davis philosophy which covers what to do about what happens. "You can accept what there is and just stand pat on it," Jan believes, "but you should try to improve it, no matter what it is. That goes for singing, or housework." Anyone who has watched Jan listen to a playback of one of her songs knows she means every word.

She's completely absorbed, and at the finish, full of suggestions for improvement. Sound suggestions, too, for she's had long, tough experience and knows what she's talking about. Born in Memphis, Tennessee, Jan moved to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, at eight. At the ripe old age of 14, she won an amateur contest and with it, a radio contract. Subsequently, the young lady conducted her own radio program, no less, commuting 200 miles from Pine Bluff to Memphis to sing and play the piano on the broadcasts. Her great musical ambition at that time was to be a pianist, but singers being in greater demand, she turned to voice study. Lessons in Quincy, Illinois, were paid

for by singing at a local station—she never had outside help, always earned her own way. After several local shows, she got her first break on a network show in a co-starring stint with Red Skelton. She joined WBBM in Chicago, appearing on various shows, and incidentally, shared an apartment with another young lady who's won video fame—Fran Allison. They're still best friends. She came to New York to try her luck, had her own show, then, though she didn't know it, hit the jackpot. Listening to voices to select a girl singer for his show, Arthur Godfrey found one especially appealing. It was warm, rich, full-bodied and expertly professional. It belonged to Janette.



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# JANETTE DAVIS



Jan's a hard worker, puts in long rehearsals on her songs. Her own ideals are Perry Como, Dinah Shore. *Tenderly* is a favorite song.

She frankly admits she had a lot to learn about style and poise, developed into the chic young woman she is today by trial and error. Jan and Bill Lawrence, above, were chums when he was member of Godfrey gang. She likes to cook. Favorite dish: stuffed peppers.



Relaxing over a soda is a rare treat for busy gal. She's on the go every minute of hectic day, tumbles into bed at ten to rest.

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# JANETTE DAVIS

*Continued*

**N**OWADAYS, Janette's happily settled in a beautiful home at King's Point, Long Island, where she sometimes entertains the gang at shindigs that always end with Jan playing the piano and everybody vocalizing. There's no prospective husband in the picture at present. She's really much too busy for many dates. Although the fellows on the show are all good friends, they're either married, or too young. And since her first marriage ended in divorce, she's wary. Jan was only 19 when she wed, and she later realized that was much too young. Now, she'll be sure before she loses her heart. But in the meantime, she's found, life is pretty wonderful.



Boating being Jan's favorite fun, she's often one of the lucky ones to be invited to join Arthur when he goes a-sailin'. She gives him all the credit for making her a TV star, says he taught her a lot.



Janette with fan club prexy Grace Manfredo.



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## ARCHIE BLEYER

*Says Arthur Godfrey, "His is the only band in America where the melody is carried by the drums." But, he also points out, you can only kid something that's really good*

**M**OST people have an idea that musical directors are a temperamental and moody lot. They never heard about Archie Bleyer. As a director—also musician, conductor, composer, arranger and what have you—on the Godfrey shows, they don't come any better. But if anybody suggested to Archie that a little temperament would be more in keeping with his profession, he'd blink behind his glasses, and bust out laughing. This calm, unruffled nature isn't only very pleasant to have around. It's a real asset in an outfit where anything can—and does—happen. For instance, that time when Janette was ill, and Arthur simply asked if there were anyone in the audience who would care to sing in her place. Sure enough, there was. A lady who had her music right with her. It being the Christmas season, it was *Cantique de Noel*. It was also considerably less than successful. Archie cringed. Then, there was Arthur, saying, "That's America for you. Your next door neighbor comes in, and sings. Madam, you sang that song with the utmost sincerity." Everybody, says Archie, suddenly revalued themselves in the amount of two cents. At one stroke, Arthur made them realize that

nobody has a right to criticize another for any deficiency. He's never forgotten it. On this, and many other stories about Arthur, Archie grows very voluble. One subject he never discusses is Archie Bleyer. It's only by ferreting around that you'll find out a few facts. Archie was born in 1909, in Corona, New York. His father was a trumpet player with a symphony orchestra, but Archie didn't immediately follow in his footsteps. He was pretty far afield as an engineer student at Columbia University when his hankering for arranging musical numbers got the better of him. This progressed to a point where Archie organized his own orchestra in 1934. With it, he covered the country, and came back to Broadway to appear with the hit shows *Best Foot Forward* and *Meet the People*. He joined CBS in September, 1943, where he arranged and conducted for various programs until 1946, when he became a permanent part of the Godfrey Gang. A slim six-feet-two, Archie has a virtue often lacking in the average male—he has wonderful taste in clothes. Recently, he's taken up flying, but his work with the Gang remains his big passion. Like those musical numbers he turns out, it's a very satisfactory arrangement.





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# MARION MARLOWE

*She'd buried all her hopes,  
for good. Marion didn't know that  
fate had surprises in store!*



A SINGING career, decided twenty-one-year-old Marion Marlowe, was something that she was going to put out of her life. Forever. Ever since she was a little girl of five, performing on the radio in her home town of St. Louis, she'd worked and studied. But luck just didn't seem to smile on her. She'd gone to Los Angeles with high hopes, promised a chance at a movie role—that went to someone else. It was a great disappointment, but it took much more than that to get Marion down. As long as she was in the city, she thought she'd take a nightclub engagement at Ciro's. Out of that came an offer from a London producer to work in musical revues. For eighteen months, she worked enthusiastically, doing two shows a night and giving a TV concert on Sundays. The British were enthusiastic about Marion, too. Then suddenly, the hard work and unfamiliar climate and food took their toll. Suffering from food poisoning, yellow jaundice, and anemia, a weary Marion was forced to go home to St. Louis to rest. Later, she married Hal Marlowe, and it was then that she made up her mind to abandon her career, and be a housewife. Not without some twinges of heartache—it had been too big a part of her life to be otherwise. And her beloved mother, her grandmother "Pinkey," and her grandfather, who had so much faith in her and made so many sacrifices for her since her father died—it was hard to leave their hopes unfulfilled. But wasn't it better than to become one of those pathetic people, waiting for years for a break that never came? Yet fate has a strange way of making our best plans go awry. For no reason at all, Marion, who was in Florida with her husband, stopped in at the Kenilworth Hotel one evening. Her friends asked her to sing with the music. Marion protested, but when they begged, she gave in. Softly, so that people at the other tables wouldn't notice, she sang *Summertime*. She didn't realize that they hustled to listen. She finished the song, and there was a startling burst of applause!

Marion laughs when she remembers how serious and tense she used to be about her work. "I was a real prima donna," she says. Now she's learned to relax and enjoy shows like all Little Godfreys.



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## MARION MARLOWE *Continued*

IN THAT instant, all of the old feeling came back—the wonderful thrill of putting her heart into a song, and knowing that people enjoyed it. When the owner of the hotel asked her to return to sing three songs one night for \$50, she joyfully accepted. Then, fate stepped in again. Arthur Godfrey was expected to spend New Year's there, but bad weather grounded his plane, so he arrived the following week—on the night Marion was scheduled to sing. She couldn't miss seeing that bright red head in the crowd, but she was so happy to be singing again that she thought of nothing else. But afterward, there he was, asking her to be on his show the following Wednesday! It all happened so quickly that it hardly seemed real, but that Wednesday in January 1951 came, and she sang. And then—there was Arthur Godfrey again, telling her about all the people who had called to say they liked her, and asking her to be a regular on the show! The rest, as they say, is history. Soon, Marion had fulfilled her greatest ambition—to provide the best for her mother and grandparents, in return for all that they had done for her. Now, they live with her in New York part of the year, spend part in St. Louis, where Marion recently bought them a lovely ranch house. A willowy 5' 7", Marion weighs 128, loves fattening things like apple pie and fried chicken (which she likes to make herself!) and doesn't gain an ounce. She drinks three quarts of milk a day. Her hobby is writing, and she had some poetry and short stories published while she was in London. Since her marriage ended a year and a half ago (it was the old problem of marriage vs. career) she's fancy free. Fans keep on insisting that her love duets with Frank Parker are the real thing. Others speculate about her new admirer, George Jessel. Marion isn't talking, yet.



George Jessel makes no secret of his feelings for Marion. He says she's the first girl in whom he's been really interested in years!

**Godfrey's announcer: The former pre-med student who started his career as a singer, is grateful for chance to be definite personality**

THE man with the exceptionally low, full speaking voice who's first to hit the air and TV waves when it's Arthur Godfrey time once had an ambition to be a doctor. But the necessity for eating three squares a day found him giving up medical school for a full-time job. A native New Yorker, Tony Marvin's been around since 1912. Well-educated, as his long-winded detailed accounts about any trivial thing show, Tony's an alumnus of Erasmus Hall High School and St. John's College. He worked his way through two years of med as an usher at the Paramount theatre. When he quit school, he remained at the theatre, held down a good job until 1935, when business got bad and Tony got fired. Three years previous, he'd met the girl of his dreams, Dorothea Wiener, at a children's summer camp where both were counselors. They wanted to marry, but lack of money delayed the ceremony—and jobs weren't easy to find. An uncle of Dorothea's came to the rescue, gave him a job in a gas station, and this was the start of a long chain of events which led Tony to his position today. A chance meeting with Rudolph Bressler whose uncle owned the Hahn Chocolate Co. was the start of his career. With no singing background except for college glee club and school shows, he was surprised when they offered to pay for his lessons with the famed Mme. Elizabeth Major. A talented pupil, six months later, he was starring in the Opera Guild's revival of De Koven's *Fencing Master*. From there he went into *White Horse Inn*, a highly successful Broadway show. By this time, Tony was making enough moola to be a husband, so he and Dorothea tied the knot on June 6, 1937. That year he was taken on at WNYC as narrator for a dramatic group and also to do occasional dramatic parts. His work was good enough to persuade John S. Young, chief announcer for the World's Fair, to offer him a job—which he took. Through this he was given opportunity to audition for head of the CBS news department and came away as a staff announcer. As a staff man, Tony did everything from daytime serials to symphonies and in 1946, when Godfrey's morning show was just sustaining, Tony was assigned to it, along with his other chores. He's been with Godfrey ever since. Announcing isn't his only job: Along with the rest of the Little Godfreys, Tony's expected to sing, dance, skate—just anything the boss-man dreams up. And he's grateful to the "Skipper" who's given him a chance to become a definite personality, not just an announcer. Away from the hub-bub of the city, Tony relaxes with Dot and their daughter, Lynda, in their medium-sized English Tudor house on Long Island. After sixteen years of wedded bliss, Dot's ability to clean house and cook never ceases to amaze her husband. "She's the greatest," sez Tony. Week-ends, he pitches in; a real handyman, he can fix anything. Socially, the Marvins' friends are not all show people; they're right cozy with the neighbors. Tony couldn't be happier with the way his life has worked out. "I'm lucky to be able to enjoy happiness in both my marriage and job," says Mr. Marvin.



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# TONY MARVIN

Frequent visitors to the Wednesday show are the zany Vagabonds, whom Arthur met in Florida. They kid Tony during commercials. Tony, a handsome six-footer has been screen tested.



Life at the Marvins revolves around Lynda, who's twelve. A regular tom-boy, she's also musically minded, plays flute and piano.





Lucille Ann Ciminelli arrived on July 11, 1932. One-year-old charmer, left, made singing debut at three over local radio station, propped up on chair by parents. At right, with mother and dad, brothers Don and John, in Rochester.

Sweet girl graduate of SS Peter and Paul School began music study at twelve, kept it up for five years. When she got her big chance on *Talent Scouts* at 19, it was dad who suggested shortening her name to Lu Ann Simms.



TEN minutes to nine, on the evening of April 21, 1952, was the biggest moment in Lu Ann Simms' young life. That was the time when she stepped before the microphone on the *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* program, and sang. Afterward, she beat a hasty retreat to her dressing-room, certain that an operatic tenor had taken the honors. Ten minutes later, just as she was preparing to leave, she was called back. She'd won. Lu Ann cried. Everybody cried. Even the eyes of Arthur Godfrey, who was trying to keep the situation under control, looked suspiciously moist. It was the old Cinderella story, all over. Until that time, Lu Ann's musical career was confined to selling records in a department store in her home town of Rochester for \$33 a week. Even her appearance on the *Talent Scouts* was purely accidental. It all came about when she paid a visit to her Aunt Laura at City Island, New York. It happened that Aunt Laura was a chef at the Lido Restaurant, so Lu Ann dropped in one day and, just for a lark, joined an instrumental trio that was playing there in a song. One of the listeners asked her if he might enter her name for the *Talent Scouts*. Lu Ann said "Sure" and thought no more about it. Back she went to Rochester and the records, and months passed by, until one big day early in April!

Today, Lu Ann's big problem is trying to convince folks she's no longer a teenager. After all, she's all of twenty-one!



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# LU ANN SIMMS

*Just a short time ago, she  
was selling records.  
Today, her name is on them.  
Lu Ann never thought  
that anything so wonderful  
could happen to her,  
—until the day she met a fairy  
godfather named Godfrey,  
who made all her  
dearest dreams come true*





Though lush movie offers have been dangled before her, Lu Ann loyally turns 'em all down. Besides, she knows she's young to make big decisions, and feels that "Mr. Godfrey" knows what's best.

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• crew.....**LU ANN SIMMS** *Continued*



Gifts galore pour into the studio for Lu Ann, and like any young girl, she's thrilled with the pretties. Her tastes are simple, however—in shopping, she never goes overboard on any fussy, impractical gowns.

SHE was called to come to New York for an audition. She sailed through three auditions, but never dreamed she'd be the lucky one. Just how lucky she was, she realized when five movie offers, recording contracts, night club and theatre dates were showered on her in bewildering profusion. She asked Mr. Godfrey (respectfully, she'd never dream of calling him anything else) what to do. He advised her to take her time, wait a while, prepare herself more thoroughly. When Marion Marlowe went on vacation, Lu Ann was invited to fill in. She loved it. When Mr. Godfrey asked her if she'd like to stay on as a regular member, she didn't have to think twice—she knew that was what she wanted more than anything in the world. Since then, her life is a busy round of rehearsals, dancing lessons, skating lessons, singing lessons—anything Mr. Godfrey thinks might be good for her. She lives in a midtown apartment, which she shares with a CBS receptionist, makes frequent visits home to Rochester to see her mother and father and her younger brother Don—also her boxer dog, Queenie, who unfortunately wouldn't be happy in a city apartment. Another brother, PFC John Ciminelli, served a hitch in Korea and is now stationed in Kansas. Lu Ann writes to him every chance she gets. A thousand fan letters flooding into CBS for her every week haven't turned her cute little head. At home in Rochester, she's still a member of a girls' baseball team, and sometimes gives brother Don a helping hand on his newspaper route. She's level-headed about money, too, lives on a strict budget and doesn't go for those fabulously expensive designer's creations. Instead, she presented her folks with a new car recently. Five-feet-one and a trim 100 pounds, the lucky little lady doesn't have to give a thought to diets, eats everything—except desserts, which she just doesn't care for—and never gains an ounce! She has a weakness for Italian food, and her hobby is cooking lasagna—quite a feat. She's too young to be serious about the boys. Julius La Rosa? He's just a real good pal. Besides, she's much too busy right now to think of romance. But she couldn't be more content. One of her new Columbia discs is titled *I Never Had It So Good*. Says Lu Ann, that describes her sentiments exactly!

When she has a chance, Lu Ann likes to pen answers to her fan mail herself, but task of answering 1000 letters a week is too much! She does manage to autograph pix.



New hairdo makes her look older—she hopes! Makeup is natural, never exotic. No matter what style she fancies, the perky, pixie charm that's Lu Ann is going to show.



JIM LEWIS

TOM LOCKARD

MARTIN KARL

NAT DICKERSON





the  
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# THE MARINERS

COMING from four corners of the country, the Mariners are a real personification of America. From left to right in the usual lineup, there's Jim Lewis, age 34, born in Birmingham, Alabama. Jim made an appearance as a vocalist at the age of three and exercised his fine baritone on various occasions thereafter, but he graduated from Talladega College as a sociology major, and planned to study law. When he came to New York to continue his studies, he started singing to pick up some extra cash. The jobs kept on getting bigger and better, until he was convinced that this was for him. Next in line, tenor Tom Lockard, also 34, is a Pasadena, California, boy. He studied music and dramatics at Pasadena College and UCLA, did some concert and radio work before going into the service. Third man, tenor Nat Dickerson, came to Philadelphia, Pa., shortly after he was born in Waycross, Ga. He began music study early, was a well-known classical soloist by the time he was in high school. He continued his studies at Fisk University, where he was soloist with the Fisk Jubilee Singers, and at Juilliard School of Music in New York. In all, he received six scholarships, including the Marian Anderson scholarship which gave him a year of private study. He appeared on Broadway in *Porgy and Bess* and *Finian's Rainbow*. Last member of the group (though far from least—he tips the scales at some 200 pounds) is baritone Martin Karl, 31, who hails from Stanberry, Missouri. He started out to be a violinist, switched to singing while finishing school in Chicago. There, he sang leads with the American Light Opera Company, worked in radio and TV. Having progressed to these various points when World War II broke, it was just a stroke of luck that all of them happened to land in the Coast Guard. It was an even bigger stroke of luck that brought them all to Manhattan Beach. They'd all been doing solo singing to entertain the fellows, until an officer suggested that they try singing together. That's the way it's been ever since. After discharge, they appeared on Fred Allen's show, soon found themselves as much a part of the Godfrey show as Arthur's grin. They've never had a written contract—don't need it. Each one being an individualist, they sometimes have differences of opinion, which are simply settled by taking a vote. The majority rules, and that settles it. On-stage and off, they're democracy in action.

*Though each one of them  
is definitely an individual in  
his own right, the four  
fellows who put their voices  
together to make sweet  
music are living examples of  
a bigger kind of harmony*

All the Mariners are family men. Both Jim and Nat have one child, Tom has two, Martin has three. When they brought all the kiddies to the show, it was quite a party!



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# HALELOKE



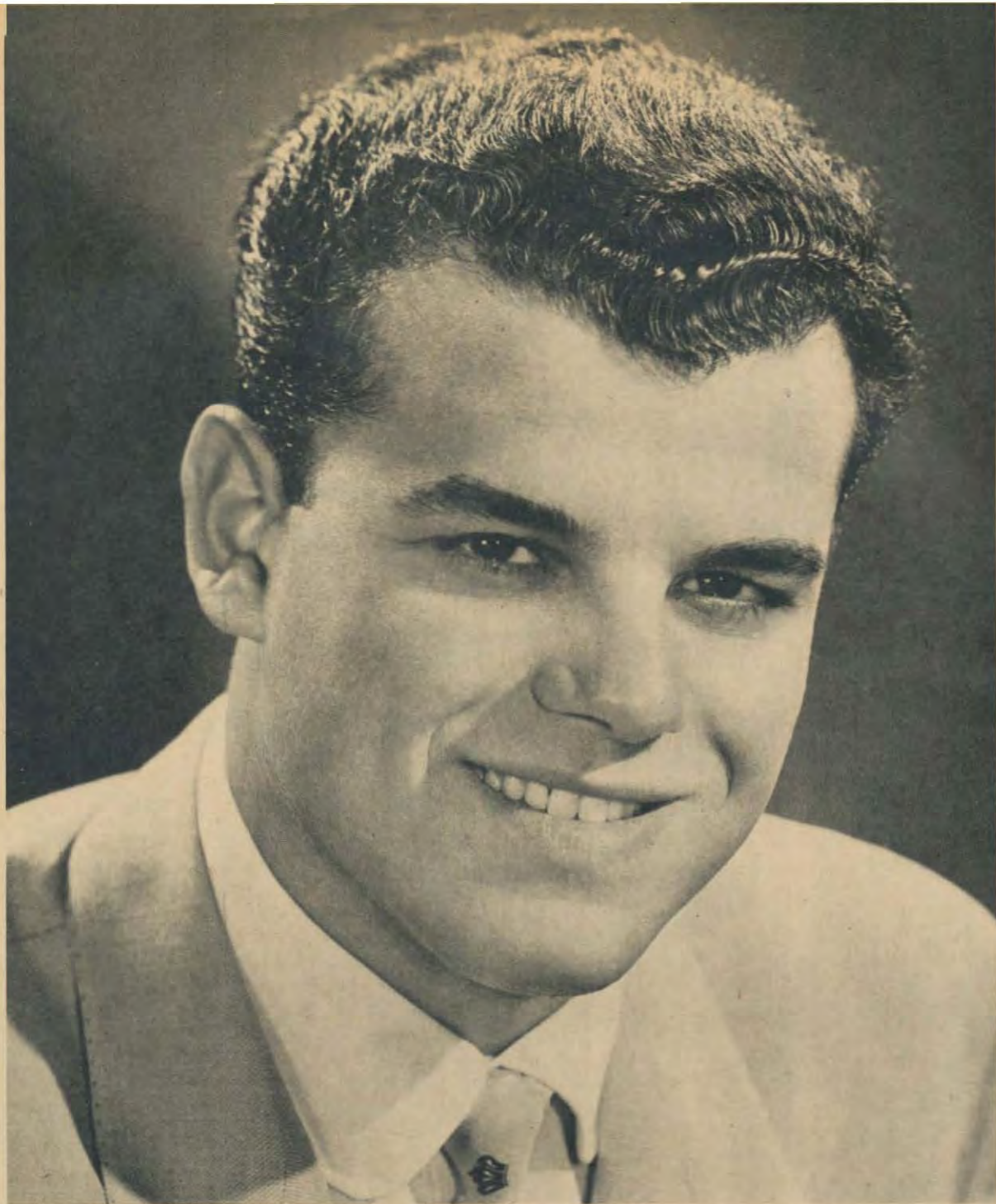
**T**HAT warm, happy smile that is as much a part of the Hawaiian people as the lei and the ukulele was missing from the face of the petite girl who occupied a seat in an airliner winging its way to New York one day in October, 1950. Haleloke (that was her name) was frightened. Terribly frightened. It had all been so wonderful, being asked by Arthur Godfrey to become one of the Little Godfreys when he'd come to Hawaii with his family that summer. She'd been lucky to be chosen as one of the singers to entertain him by her boss, Al Perry, producer of a radio show, *Hawaii Calls*, on which she appeared. But she didn't jump at the chance. It wasn't until a month later, when she was filling an engagement with Al Perry in Yakima, Washington, that she made up her mind to accept. Now that she was actually on her way to New York, she still wasn't at all sure that she had done the right thing. New York was so big and strange. And so very far away from everything that she knew and loved so well. If only the plane would turn around and head toward Honolulu! But it didn't. Swiftly and smoothly, it landed at the airport of the biggest city in the world. Haleloke summoned up her courage, and stepped out. At that instant, she knew everything was going to be all right. There was a man from the Godfrey office to meet her, a car at her disposal, hotel reservations all ready! That, she soon discovered, was only the beginning. The following

Tuesday, she reported for the rehearsal of the Wednesday night show. "This is Haleloke," said Mr. Godfrey. "She's going to be a member of our family." One by one, the Little Godfreys were introduced to her. A warm feeling began to creep into her heart, and she felt lots better when Janette Davis came over and invited her to dinner. Then, on that first program, Arthur Godfrey made her feel right at home by having a whole bevy of Hawaiians on hand! No words of reassurance could have given her as much as the comforting presence of her own home folks on her big night. There was Archie Bleyer, too. Her offbeat Hawaiian music was strange to the big city bandman, but he had endless patience and interest in learning it, and now rates as a real expert, says Haleloke—who, in short order, became affectionately known as Holly to the Gang. In her 20's and single, Holly shares an apartment with a Hawaiian girl. In contrast to the colorful Holo-kous (those beautiful Hawaiian evening gowns with the trains, of which she has 32) and the 24 sarongs in her wardrobe—all of them made by her sister back home—her off-stage wear is quietly conservative. The youngest of six children of James Kahauolopua, Holly went home to visit the folks in 1951, taking her good friend Janette with her. Jan was thrilled, said Hawaii more than lived up to its reputation as a real paradise. But Holly thinks New York City fits that description, too.



***Thousands of miles from her happy land, as soon as  
the homesick Holly stepped from the plane  
in New York, she knew everything was going  
to be just fine. It was even better than that!***





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# JULIUS LA ROSA

*He's the rage of all ages! When this kid from Brooklyn—an ex-gob—faces the camera, croons his love song, feminine hearts are aflutter!*



"There's nothing professional about me," Julius says, but veteran performers such as Rai LeRoy, below, find him eager pupil, quick study.



**B**ROOKLYN-BORN Julie (everyone calls him that) in his wildest dreams never imagined that one day he'd be one of TV's most popular crooners—despite fact he's been singing since his early school days. Born on January 2, 1930, Julius attended P.S. 123 in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn. In 1A he formed a quartette with two other boys and a girl; they entertained at all class functions for five years. When their female quit the act, the boys continued as a trio until high school split them up. Julie studied at Grover Cleveland, sez he was a "fair" pupil. At graduation, his mother, Lucy, and pop Salvatore, were anxious to hear what Julie had decided about the future. Would he go to college or get right to work? Not over-enthusiastic about finding a job, Julie hung around home for a while. His father wanted him to help with his radio servicing business; Julius preferred being on the listenin' end of a set. Finally he took a fling at office work, but it didn't pan out. Long talks with dad, a former Seabee, about the advantages of life at sea, sent the young lad off to join the Navy. "If nothing else, it'll make a man out of you," was dad's parting remark. Julius went through boot camp at Great Lakes, Illinois, got so homesick he even missed battling with his sister, Sadie, but he managed to overcome it. From boot, he took up electronics, was assigned to the USS Wright at finish of schooling. It was aboard the aircraft carrier that he met his future boss. It's an old story how Julie's shipmates got him to sing for Arthur who in return said, "If you weren't in the Navy, I'd give you a job." Fourteen months later, after serving the full four-year hitch, Julie walked into Arthur's office one day and had himself a job!

On personal appearance tours Julie gets to meet his fans. He's grateful for their support, oftentimes files away—for future reading—some of mail he receives.



Ardent fan of Como's was thrilled at chance to work with Perry. Julie also thinks Crosby and Sinatra are great, evolved own style by listening to their discs.



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# JULIUS LA ROSA

*Continued*

**S**UDDEN fame such as Julie's is bound to make a guy feel like a big wheel, but basically, La Rosa's still the nice, shy kid he was back in Brooklyn. It's his shyness, coupled with a sock singing delivery, that's won him countless admirers. His fan mail gains momentum every week. In the beginning, he had a couple of pals helping him with it, but now it's gotten past the stage where each letter gets a personal reply. However, he does the best he has time for and autographs hundreds of pictures weekly. Devoted to his parents, this year Julie fulfilled his fondest wish: He bought the family a home in Mount Vernon. A commuter during the week, Julie gets up at 6:45, eats a hearty breakfast and gets into town a little after eight. Week-ends his sister Sadie, who's now married, brings her husband and daughter over for a visit.

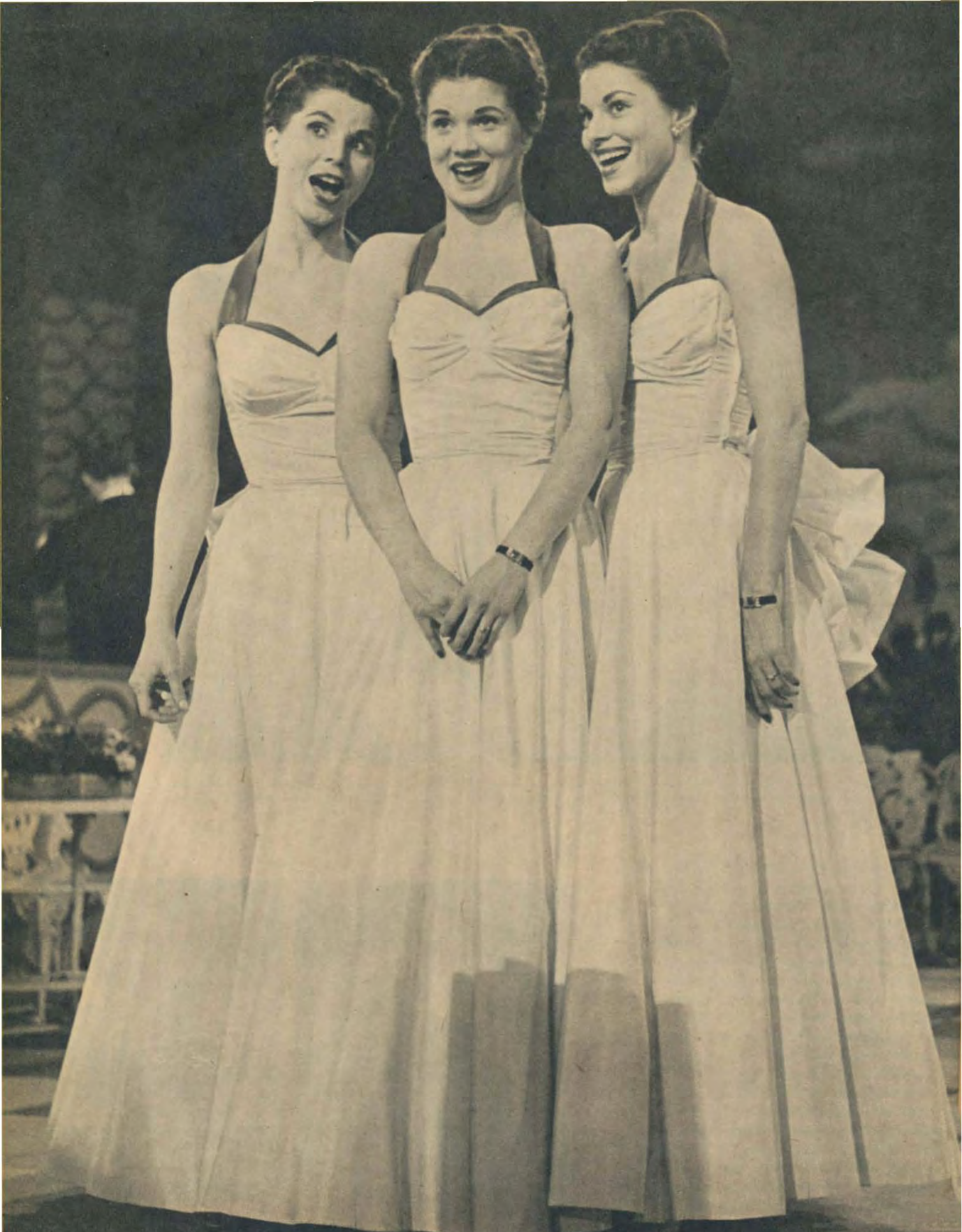


Mom and pop La Rosa, like Julie, are still breathless over his fame, but think it's wonderful. They rarely accompany him to town, but were on hand when he had first disc session. Julie's debut record passed the half-million mark.

When the La Rosas all get together there's much laughing, singing, dancing—and eating—Julie's favorite pastime. Although he gains weight easily (and hates to diet), that doesn't stop him from devouring mom's spaghetti and meatballs. "She can really cook," gloats Mrs. La Rosa's son. Always immaculately dressed, Julie favors sport clothes, used to always wear loud argyle socks, but has since become conservative—wears only "solids." He's an avid reader and opponents claim he's expert at ping-pong. As for women: He once wanted to marry a girl he met in Washington, D. C., but she decided he'd do better career-wise without her. She's married now and they're still pals. He admits there's a lass on Long Island who's fun to be with. He's ready for marriage and who knows, it could happen any day!



Standing 5' 7", the brown-haired, brown-eyed Julie found ice skating was no cinch. He took many falls during rehearsals, stayed on feet during ice show.



**CHRISTINE**

**PHYLLIS**

**DOROTHY**



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## McGUIRE SISTERS

*Three beauties from Ohio who've taken the big city by storm  
in one short year look forward to a long, tune-filled future*

**D**ARK-HAIRED, flashing-eyed and spirited are Godfrey's McGuire, probably the prettiest trio ever to invade the music business. The gals started their professional career by entertaining at Army camps and veterans' hospitals here in the States after the last war. The girls, Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy (always reading from left to right), were born in Middletown, Ohio, where they lived till their schooling was completed. The whole McGuire clan then moved to Miamisburg, Ohio; Mom McGuire is a minister. The girls have been musically inclined since childhood. Christine, the eldest (she's 24), is an accomplished pianist; Dorothy is pretty jazzy when it comes to tootin' the saxophone. Phyllis, the baby of the clan (only 22) has always concentrated on singing. There have never been any serious squabbles with the McGuires. Frequent differences of opinion occur when they're putting together a new arrangement, but aside from this they agree on most everything. The girls do practically all their own arranging and have also written a few tunes. Upon wind-up of army camp tour a few years ago, they joined the staff of WLW in Cincinnati and in no time were the darlings of the airways in that territory. Then came a series of club dates all over the state of Ohio. A family conference was held and the McGuires made the big decision: To try their luck in New York. As it turned out, luck was with them, for only two weeks after settling in the big city, a mutual friend introduced them to the well-known orchestra leader, Gordon Jenkins. From that time on, Jenkins has been their confidante and guiding spirit. Pre their *Talent Scout* discovery, the girls gained television experience via eight weeks on the Kate Smith show. Two days after they came out on top of the Talent show, they met Arthur in his office and two days after that they were members of his cast! The girls are in perfect harmony when they sing the praises of their boss. All are agreed: He's a wonderful guy. Hobby-wise, the girls go their separate ways. Christine loves to cook, experiments with new recipes every chance

she gets. Her sisters are more athletic: Phyllis swings a mean tennis racquet, while Dorothy likes nothing better than spending an afternoon whizzing around in the local skating rink. The girls wear the same size dresses; all three stand five feet, eight inches tall. They seldom borrow from each other, wear identical dresses when working. Phyllis does the buying for the act and has good conservative taste; gowns are attractive, but never overdone in the frills department. In private life, Christine is Mrs. John Teeter; hubby works for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. As yet, Phyllis and Dot haven't found the men they'd like to have around the house. They share a stylish apartment in Manhattan's East Fifties, not too far from the Teeters where they're regular visitors—especially when Christine is whipping up one of their favorite dishes. In New York for only a little over a year, the girls are hard workers, still can't believe their good fortune. They pinch themselves every now and then to make sure they aren't dreaming; that it really is true they're part of the Godfrey Gang. To quote Phyllis: "The wonderful thing on this show is that if you make a mistake you know it won't be your last show. You know you're not going to be fired. This is because Mr. Godfrey is human enough to understand that everyone makes mistakes. He laughs with you, says don't let it worry you and then makes sure that it doesn't worry you. He jokes, kids and has fun during rehearsals just like when he is on the air." Along with making the grade on the Godfrey shows, the McGuires are sharing success on records. After hearing their harmonizing only once (Chris sings bass; Phyllis, the melody and Dorothy's the soprano), Coral record executives agreed that here was an act that had what it takes for the big time. Sales from their first release, *One, Two, Three, Four*, backed by *Pickin' Sweethearts*, are already dropping royalties into their laps. The three little girls from Ohio have come a long way in a short time, and the crystal ball shows they're destined to go even farther—which is okay by them!





# FLY BOY

*As he does in radio and TV, Arthur*

**E**VERYBODY should learn to fly," sez Arthur, the unofficial press-agent for the entire aviation industry. Not one week passes by that he doesn't talk about the safety of air travel. Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Airlines, is one of Godfrey's oldest and closest friends and to show appreciation for Arthur's unending good-will for aviation, Rickenbacker and his associates gifted Arthur with a reconverted DC-3, a gift unprecedented either in the history of aviation or the entertainment world. It's worth \$125,000 and loaded from wing tip to tip and from nose to tail with finest, safest, most luxurious effects ever seen in any such private, airborne vehicle. Arthur has full-time co-pilot for this ship. Now 49, Commander Godfrey (USNR) has chalked up almost thirty years' flying time. Besides the DC-3, he has smaller plane for shuttling back and forth between his Virginia farm and New York or Miami and New York every week. Because his 1700 acres of farmland are too hilly for a landing strip, Arthur keeps his flying machines housed at nearby airport in Leesburg, Va. Planes are equipped for broadcasts and many a time listeners have heard their redhead give with the jokes as he flies through cloud formations. Arthur knows everything there is to know about flying. He's flown every type of ship from an old F-51 flying boat to today's fast jets. He first took to the air during his navy days in the F-51 which now reposes in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. When jets were put into operation, he spent two weeks at the Pensacola, Florida, Naval Air Station learning all about 'em. He checked out as a 600-mile-an-hour jet pilot in ten days, a course ordinarily taking 30 days. Besides his interest in planes, he wanted to prove to mothers, wives and sweethearts of young servicemen that jets are as safe as any other kind of flying if "an old geezer like me can handle them." The Navy regards Arthur as one of its very best recruiters. He's always in there pitchin'.



# GODFREY

*flies through the air with greatest of ease, is aviation's best press-agent!*



On rare occasions when Arthur and Mrs. Godfrey get away for vacations together, he pilots them to destination. She shares his enthusiasm for flying high.

Aviation's best friend Godfrey received the McGough Memorial plaque from Robert C. Durham, Commander of American Legion Post, 501 Air Service, last December.

Godfrey's DC-3 carries fourteen people, is comfortably furnished; has television set, radio, movie projector, thoroughly equipped galley and a working telephone!

Arthur uses small Navion, right, for week-end trips to farm or Miami jaunts. Ofttimes, cast members make trips with him, have utmost faith in his flying ability.





*Kept in the background, Arthur's pretty wife and young 'uns lead happy, normal life, are joined by the master on week-ends*



Godfrey offspring, Michael Arthur, aged 13, and Patricia Ann (now 11) have natural love for farm and outdoors. At pop's insistence they attend public school, engage in all community activities, are completely unspoiled.



Arthur's son by previous marriage, Richard Morton, who's 22, was student at Middlebury College when he met Claire Malmros. Two were wed in 1951, have since presented the famous redhead with his first grandchild.



Mary Bourke, former NBC secretary, is Arthur's second wife, became Mrs. Godfrey in 1938. She's a trim, hazel-eyed blonde, whose capable hands are fully occupied with running the household, taking care of the kids. Like hubby, she's expert atop horse, as are the children. She visits New York on special occasions only.



# ARTHUR'S FAMILY



Arthur leaves New York every Thursday after morning radio show, flies to Leesburg, Va., motors to farm. He does Friday's show from his fully-equipped den.



Spacious and comfortable is the Godfrey farmhouse, furnished in mixture of Early American and modern. Week-ends the Godfreys entertain guests—often members of the cast; there's never a dull moment with Art around.



Be it tractor work or bringing in a stray, Mr. Godfrey finds life on the farm peaceful and relaxing. He's glad he has spot for a hideaway.

# DOWN ON THE FARM

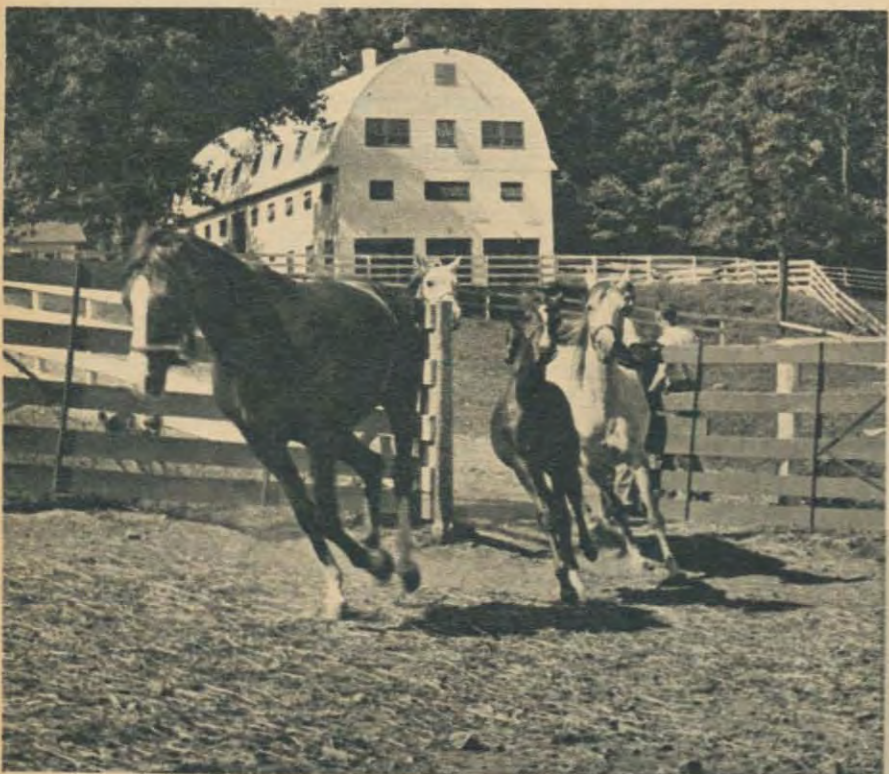
*1700 acres of Virginia farmland keep the radio-tv star hoppin' on week-ends. Schedule's almost as hectic as his business days, but it's fun and very relaxin'*



**Y**OU'D think that a man who's in the public eye as much as this man Godfrey would have no time for a private life. But that he does—every week-end! His farm at Catoctin Ridge, Loudoun County, Virginia, affords Arthur all the privacy in the world. Here, photogs and newsmen are taboo. Like any average male, he wants to be alone with his family and have time to catch up with his farmin'. Arthur doffs his city duds for old jeans the minute he arrives. There's no laziness around for this boy; he gets up at eight every morning and after a brisk swim in the pool, starts making his rounds. There are always new colts or cattle to be looked at, or an experiment of crossbreeding a Brahma bull with a domestic cow to oversee. He tramps his lands, checks grazing stock, scrupulously investigates his barns, silos and henhouses. Well-tended crops and all sorts of farm products are carefully nurtured with such efficiency that the farm returns a profit every year. The Manhattan-born farmer could retire today and live very lavishly off the fat of his land—if he wanted to. His 1700 rolling acres near Leesburg are densely populated with star boarders of the feathered and four-footed species. Numerous acres have been set aside for a deer park and other game reserves, which keep the animals secure from trigger-happy hunters. Brush is never burned, but made into piles for resting and nesting places for feathered flyers who just happen to drop in. Household pets include a family of cats and an assortment of dogs. There's Flash, a Weimaraner; Chester, a lemon-eared pointer, and two German Shepherds, Ace and Droga. Young Pat's favorite animal is her Painted pony, Jill. Mike has no special pony; now that he's older, he manages to stay aboard some of the bigger horses. Rabbits of all breeds and sizes are very much in evidence on the Beacon Hill property. With all that room for roamin', the Godfreys have trouble keepin' track of their many boarders. But they don't worry about it. "The more the merrier," they agree. There is only one gun on the place—a .22 target rifle, which young Mike and his father use to rid the hills of woodchucks—"pesky little critters"—squire Godfrey calls 'em. The holes they dig are dangerous to the livestock; if one of his prize horses stepped into one, it could break a leg.



Both Mike and Arthur keep shootin' eyes sharp by knocking off woodchucks. The Godfrey men also play "hit the can"; pop usually wins!



Newest stable is a beauty; Arthur designed it himself. There's one spacious air-conditioned apartment upstairs and room for another.

## DOWN ON THE FARM *Continued*



**O**NE of recent building additions to the farm, is the completely modern barn. It's clean and airy and all equipment inside is electrical—including the doors. The huge silos are the latest thing in food storers—they're glass-lined. Even though the farm operates at a profit, very little of the Godfrey acreage is under cultivation. The more than 400 head of cattle, Brahmas and white-faced Herefords need plenty of room for grazing. They do nothing but eat all day to add

poundage to their frames. The cattle are fed inside the barn and also from the tremendous feed pens built alongside it (see picture above at left). The beautiful stable (see picture at left) is Arthur's pride and joy. The second story of this building serves as living quarters for Arthur's trainer and oft-times doubles as extra guest rooms. Like everything else—it's spacious. There are two bedrooms, sitting room, bath and full kitchen, tastefully furnished with an eye toward the male.

There's also enough room for a second apartment if needed. This stable is the most valuable building on the red-head's property and one he personally supervised construction of. He made sure all the comforts of home were included; apartment is air conditioned, most of it is pine-paneled. Life on the Godfrey farm for the animals is like living at the Waldorf; nothing is too good for them, they have the highest paid guy in the entertainment business waiting on 'em! He loves it!



Picturesque is this shot of young colt who's waiting for the day when he, too, will be grown up and winning blue ribbons at different horse shows like rest of the Godfreyites.



# DOWN ON THE FARM

*Continued*



Bob Matthews, Arthur's trainer, has been working on the Virginia farm for many years. Former rodeo champion, he knows all the ins and outs of horsemanship, gets Sun-san (above) and friends ready for big shows.

**M**OST important members of Godfrey's livestock are his horses. Arthur's stables house over two dozen horses, half of which are his prize Arabians, who've won many trophies, cups and ribbons which the redhead proudly has on display throughout his home. Three stallions dominate the scene. His favorite is Sun-san, a six-year-old whom Arthur's raised since a colt. Catoctin Gold, a Palomino, the first son of Gold Alla, cost Arthur quite a bit of money; Sarad-al-Sahra, a white-stocked chestnut acquired two years ago rounds out the valuable trio. Each horse has his own stall in the stable which has silent light switches (so as not to disturb 'em when they're napping!) and self-service running water. When the equine members of the Godfrey family have to travel to shows and exhibitions, they travel in style. A forty-five feet long trailer, capable of carrying six horses, is their home away from home. The house on wheels holds thirty gallons of water and twenty-four bales of hay; they don't have to consume food or water they aren't used to en route to destination. At the National Horse Show at Harrisburg two years

ago, the Godfrey entries trotted off with eight ribbons—good reasons why they should be treated like kings. Though Arthur's hip ailment has always given him great pain, it has never stopped him from getting on a horse—or anything else for that matter. It's a toss-up which he loves best—his airplanes or the horses. He's well-educated on both subjects and spends an equal amount of time with both. Since raising and breeding Arabians is rare in the United States, Arthur once took it upon himself to have a brochure written up and illustrated with pictures of his beauties, for those interested in the subject. Horse lovers were mighty thrilled to get their hands on a copy. When he went back to the farm to rest up from the operation, Arthur had plenty of time to get acquainted with all his livestock and soak up nature's beauty which surrounds his Virginia acreage. (TV viewers have also been getting glimpses of his home since he's been doing broadcasts from farm.) Arthur's not riding yet—but Sun-san is ready and waiting till the master is able to get astride him again to go a-gallop' over the hills, as they did so many times.



Sarad-al-Sahra, looking like a true champion here, is youngest of Godfrey's fabulous trio. He's a white-stocked chestnut, has a white mane. He's only been with Godfrey clan for two years.



Sun-san and Catoctin Gold once fought a terrific battle to determine who was "head man" of the stables. Neither won—it came up a draw. Arthur's partial to Sun-san, rides him more than the others.

*Strangely enough, all of his time in New York isn't spent inside the walls of CBS!*

# UP IN THE CITY



Arthur's N. Y. home: two-room apartment in Hotel Lexington.

ONE of the mysteries of the world's largest metropolis is how Arthur Godfrey manages to get around town so much. He has a way of popping up in oddly assorted places, at oddly assorted times, when anyone else with his broadcasting schedule would be poring over scripts. He may turn up at a local ice rink to take a few turns on the skates. If there's a charity affair, perhaps at the Institute for Crippled and Disabled in which he takes a great interest, more than likely he'll be there. Or he may drop in at the Stork Club, to chew the fat for a few minutes with cronies. He used to be just as happy at a drug store counter, but since his face has become so well known on TV, he's had to give that up. The secret of this daily personal appearance tour is that, besides requiring practically nothing in the way of rehearsal, Arthur is a speedy guy. He occupies a two-room apartment atop the Lexington Hotel, rises at nine, and is in the studio in plenty of time for the broadcast at ten. Plenty of time being five minutes, ample for Arthur to greet everybody cheerily and settle before the mike. He polishes off the day with a game of gin rummy at the hotel, usually with business manager and friend for years, Leo DeOrsey.



He's flooded with awards—this one for million-record sale.



Fellow celebrities often meet in the big town. When Hope and Godfrey get together, gags run the gamut, Crosby the subject, natch.

Arthur handles desk work with easy efficiency, disposes of most of it via telephone. He usually lunches in the office, works while munching his sandwiches.



# UP IN THE CITY

Continued



Art Linkletter and Arthur put an excited Pillsbury winner at ease. Though an old pro on such programs, Arthur still gets as big a bang out of them as the lucky ones, a feeling contagious to folks on the program and audience alike.



When his wife, Mary, and son, Richard, are both in town, it calls for a big dinner with all the trimmin's at the Stork. Arthur usually dines there, generally doesn't get around to having dinner until after nine. He's no toper, but a heavy drinker—of tea! He downs about 12 cups of it each day.

He takes a lively interest in technical advancements at the studio. Below, watching the first broadcast of color TV with CBS prexy Frank Stanton, William S. Paley, FCC Chairman Wayne Coy.

The Stork Club's host, Sherman Billingsley, is a close pal of Godfrey, who also numbers among his friends Bernard Baruch, Charles E. Wilson, and many other notables in political and business worlds.







There's a special spot in Arthur's heart for Hawaii, where he can join in local fetes without being looked upon as a celebrity. And he loves those wild shirts!

Big Hawaiians and little Hawaiians have fallen for Arthur—and vice versa! A good time is had when he brings the ukulele. These experts say he's good, too.



# our redhead relaxes

**If you could call it that.**

**Arthur's idea of relaxing  
could make strong men quail!**

**A** PPEARANCES are, as they say, deceiving. Particularly in the case of Arthur Godfrey Taking It Easy. Outwardly, Arthur gives a pronounced impression of being as relaxed as an unstarched shirt. Maybe even kinda lazy. Arthur is relaxed, all right. But lazy? Wow! A day on vacation with Arthur Godfrey would make a marathon runner weak. The truth is that Arthur relaxes with a vengeance. Just as he puts his whole heart into his work, he puts it into play, too. And a vacation, for Arthur, is quite a production. Having made up his mind (usually on the spur of the moment) to take off, Arthur immediately goes into action. There's no quibbling over details like a broadcast the next day. He just rounds up everybody concerned and takes them along. Then the family is added (Mary learned long ago to be prepared for this sort of thing), and some more business associates, and any stray friends that happen to be around. This good-sized safari gets underway with the speed and smooth organization that goes into all Godfrey-directed enterprises, and soon the fun is on!

In the pool on his farm or when vacation-  
ing, an early morning swim is his idea of  
the best way to start the day off right.



# our redhead relaxes

*Continued*

**P**ARTIALITY for places in the sun is more than a matter of whim with Arthur. For years, the warm rays helped to relieve his pain and keep him in tiptop condition despite the long hours spent in stuffy studios. Now, that sun is helping him on the road to recovery. Formerly, Arthur didn't spend a minute lying around, soaking it up. Bright and early he'd be in the pool, practicing dives with all the energy and perseverance of a candidate for the Olympics. This would be followed by golfing, sailing, fishing, riding, or whatever else was available. Although these strenuous activities have been curtailed to an extent, it is safe to say that Arthur finds plenty of enjoyment. If he's at home, he can be quite content just puttering about the place. Away from home, he always has his family and plenty of friends on hand, to join him in a fast game of gin rummy, or just sit and chew the fat. One favorite vacation spot is Florida, where he stays at the Kenilworth Hotel at Bal Harbour. Another, of course, is Hawaii, where the atmosphere is as relaxed as Arthur. He likes everything about it, but best of all, the fact that among these uncomplicated, carefree people who don't realize he's a big celebrity, he can be one of the folks.



He's a farmer now, but Navy man Arthur will never lose his love of the ocean and the exciting sports that go with it. One of the delights of Hawaiian vacations is having a go at manipulating the native craft. A guy who likes to get where he's going fast, he gets a real kick out of speedboating, too.



Not one of those golfers who is dedicated to the game, He went western on vacation with Mary to Godfrey nevertheless plays a presentable round. Above, Sun Valley, Idaho, found an ideal spot to putting at Celebrities Golf Tournament in Washington. view scenery and take photos—the ski lift!



Ever since he was lured from another network to sub for Godfrey in 1947, Robert Q. Lewis has had the job, now has a "Godfrey clause" in his contracts permitting him to replace the redhead whenever needed. No mimic, Lewis sticks to his own brand of zany wit.

*It took a lot of courage to try to fill  
the Great Godfrey's shoes while he was  
away from the mikes. These folks were  
brave and talented enough to tackle it!*

**GODFREY'S**

**stand-ins**



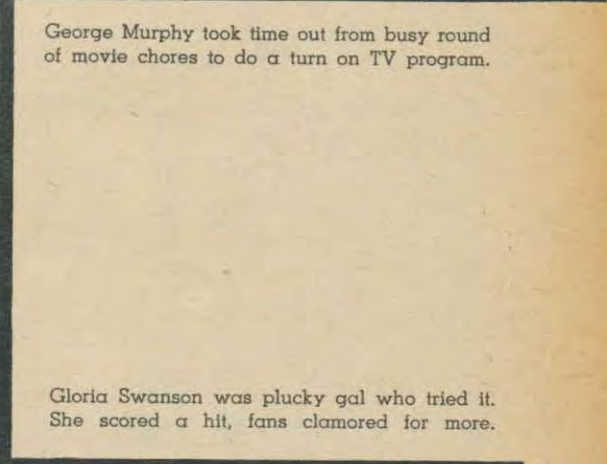
Victor Borge was prepared to substitute for Godfrey's uke with piano.



George Murphy took time out from busy round of movie chores to do a turn on TV program.



Jackie Gleason livened things up considerably with some of his comic antics.



Gloria Swanson was plucky gal who tried it. She scored a hit, fans clamored for more.



Garry Moore contributed slick job of emceeing *Talent Scouts*



**W**HEN it comes to helping fellow-members suffering misfortune, there are no people like show people. So, when it was learned that Arthur Godfrey would go into the hospital for an operation on his hip that might cause his absence from the mikes for many months, there were any number of sympathetic entertainers who would gladly have rushed in as pinch hitters. In this case, however, it was something like that old saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Facing that tremendous audience and following that tremendous personality

for a show biz name had in it all the elements of Custer's Last Stand. But came D-Day (or should we say G-Day) and they were ready for the fray: experienced Robert Q. Lewis taking on the toughest stint on the morning show, Garry Moore taking over the *Talent Scouts*, Victor Borge, Gloria Swanson, Jackie Gleason, George Murphy and many others. Just as it should happen to all these kind and courageous ones, each scored a personal triumph with his own particular type of talent, every one came through with flying colors. They're a credit to show business.



Winning *Talent Scouts* sent Vic Damone on fabulous career. Once a theatre usher, at the Paramount, he came back to star there, now has lush MGM contract. June Valli, right, became featured songstress on *Hit Parade*, may launch her own show.

the  
STAR

MAKER

*Most get their start on Talent Scouts, but Arthur may spot a star wherever he just happens to be lookin' and listenin'*



THERE'S a good reason why Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* program has become a primary target of every young hopeful who cherishes dreams of fame and fortune. That's just what it has brought to many of them. This, because the standards of performance are so high that a winner is automatically assured a flurry of juicy offers, each good enough to give him a big boost up the ladder, perhaps even a place on the top rung. Arthur's star-making isn't confined to *Talent Scouts*, however. He recognizes that star stuff wherever he sees it, has given many a break to an unknown. Those favored have found his constructive criticism invaluable, too. Some have remained with him on his show, others have turned to nightclub or theatre engagements, or other shows. All of them have won a full measure of success, and are convinced that dreams do come true!



Feminine foursome was new note in quartettes! The Chordettes—Virginia Osborn, Dorothy Schwartz, Janet Ertel, and Carol Hagedorn—stayed on show for a time, made records.

Since the night he won on *Talent Scouts*, tall, blond Florian Zabach has climbed to an enviable position as the first violinist on record who ever had a bobby-sox following!



Joan Walden was jobless when Arthur Godfrey picked her out of a crowd on a New York ice rink, asked her to instruct his cast for an ice show, and gave her top spot. Out of it came another big break as star of the Hotel New Yorker ice show.

Singer Bill Lawrence was one of *Talent Scouts* winners who became a Little Godfrey. He was a regular on the show until called for job with Uncle Sam.





**the  
show  
goes on**

*Be the Good Lord willin', Arthur  
and his Gang want nothing more than  
to go on entertaining the people*

**H**AVING made themselves as much of an American institution as apple pie, Arthur Godfrey and his Gang will continue to be welcomed into American homes with the same joyful enthusiasm. New faces may appear, to become new friends. With the unpredictable, irrepressible Godfrey at the helm, there are sure to be plenty of surprises in store (as he's hinted, already). Best of all, it may not be very long before color television becomes a reality, and at last, full justice will be done to that flaming hair! However, regardless of what the future may bring, the Godfrey personality will continue to brighten the American scene. Even if the day should come when Arthur decides that he's ready to retire (perish the thought!) he'll still be with us, for he's won a permanent place in the hearts of the American public.







FRANK PARKER • JANETTE DAVIS • ARTHUR GODFREY • MARION MARLOWE

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